All Graces Attend in Person of the Sunbrowned Athletic Girl.

RIDING, BOATING, SHOOTING,

She Compels Dame Fashion to Unite Beauty with Freedom in Her Attire.

Oyeling in European Hondways, Bolying the Majesty of a French Bendle, Learning Precious Commonplaces at Chautauque or Picking Up the Cauntiet Thrown Down to Her Sex by a British Philosopher, the American Woman Everywhere Asserts Her Possibilities - Fashion's Summer Gulden, the Pluttering Cape-Doings of the Professional Woman's Longue Quaint Enterbe, Star Gazing, Dress to Favo Literary Composition, and an Author's Home, are Woman's Topies of the Day-Paragraphs of Feminine Interest, and at Illustration of Humana British Girlhood,

It is the athletic girl that holds the honors the tricks. . She may not secure the prize matrimonial that the helpless, appealing, waitup-in-the-moonlight sweet creature bears away in triumph, but she has no end of fun playing the game. You find her on the moors and at the seaside. She climbs the mountain trails like a runaway deer, and is over the hedges and in at the death on every hunting field. Wherever she is, there the men come also. Perhaps they don't make love to her, but it isn't because they don't want to. Perhaps the guides and the dogs breathe easier after her gun is fired, but that isn't her fault She is as refreshing as feed champagne in dog days, and altogether the most picturesque and charming vision the world has seen



since Eve set up dressmaking in Eden. For however sure is her aim at the covey. lowever light her hand on the bridle. however strong her stroke at the oar, she keeps one corner of her mind clear and consecrated to her personal appearance. Indeed she has developed a new department of sartorial art in dress and evolved the old-time rough-and-ready mountain gown or fishing frock into a thing of beauty, none the less serviceable, but a joy forever in its jauntiness. Some one has said that the most beautiful thing in the world is "an English girl on an English horse under an sets the equestrian fashions, and for summer country wear or for cross-country riding great latitude is allowed in this style of dress. The covert coat is worn over a loose blouse of cotton or silk, the "top hat" is doffed for a Derby, and an ingenious English tailor has, taking advantage of these conditions, evolved



a riding habit so cunningly cut that off the horse it answers well for a walking skirt, while in the saidle it looks like the ordinary short-skirted habit now in vocus. for a walking skirt, while in the saidle it looks like the ordinary short-skirled habit now in vogue.

One of the prettiest boating dresses of the season is of light weight hop sacking, made with a straight stitched skirt, not as full as for walking, girdled about the top with a rope sewed on either edge, of a lined belt and knotted at one side. The little cont with its double collar has two ropes across the front for a fastening, is made without sleeves, and worn over a striped blouse of soft thin wool. The saider hat is small, and snug, with two wings at the side.

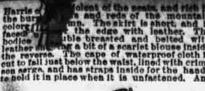
From beating to bathing is but a step, and the newest bathing dresses are as carefully flited, as nicely adjusted, and as anxiously selected as if they were ball gowns or fete costumes. Indeed, the great water festival at seaside resorts presents almost greater diversity in attire than casino or ballroom may show. French women are noted for wearing the most attractive and original costumes in the world, and it is from a French lady's wardrobe that we have abstracted our model. It is made of noie cherry fannel with a blouse



was put aside in a scaled envelope, so that if she desired to recall it she could do so without any one knowing that she had taken the step. She has rushed into print and has secured a big advertisement, which will be quite valuable to her as an actress."

"What is there to say?" said Mrs. Palmer Tuesday. "Is there anything remarka le in the fact that a member of a club resigns? There is no trouble in the league. We have not been uncharitable, and never will be. We have given our time, money, and strength to the league, and the members will stand by each other in all things right and honorande." And there the matter ended. For that matter, the league was so busy finding out what alied its nerves and digestion and all that sort of thing that it was temperarily dead to the world. The subject of the paper read by Mrs. Dr. Williams was: "Some Drugs; Their Use and Abuse." It was didactic. It was technical. Ordinary afternoon gatherings of women would not have found it wildly interesting, but the league members hung on Mrs. Williams's words. At first they were somewhat staggered by sundry facts about the "homogeneity of diseases and remedies" and the importance of "indicated drugs," and so on. But they held on pluckily, and when Mrs. Williams got round to quinine they were as relieved as if the prompter had just whispered their cue. The speaker went full till against their dearest hobbies, and long before she finished it was evident that the discussion which always follows the paper would be lively.

"Everybody has a medicinal fad." said Mrs. Williams. "One takes quinine; another runs for a tincture of iron, without knowing why they take either. There is always some sort of complaint which is the scapegoat on which ivery ache or pain is laid. It used to be the liver. Now it's malaria. No matter what the liver we should be better off. trimmed round the hips with three rows of black wash ribbon. The belt is trimmed in the same way, and the broad, full collar has the same finish, and opens over an inner vest of black wool lace, heavy enough to be durable, but through its open meshes showing slimpses of the white flesh beneath. Indekerbockers with bands and bows of black are met, with black silk stockings, fine and thin. And than it is off for the mountains in a sown of



EPITAPHS AND ICES Discussed at Lunch by Two Young Women of the Period,

There is always a fascination in talking

about "graves and worms and epitaphs,"

especially epitaphs. Two young women

vielded to the temptation the other day as

they sat, of all occasions, at lunch in an up-

town restaurant, and one, who had just come

home from abroad, recited this specimen from

a London graveyard. The subject is feminine.

and, judging from the general tone of the

carved comment, it is not always the good who

die young. This epitaph, in memory of "Lit-

tle Clara," who, it would appear, must have been a child of unusual activity and aggres-siveness, reads:

ss. reaus;
Little Clara's gone before us.
Little Clara's gone before us.
Little Clara's gone before us.
Now she'll never scratch no more.
Gone to join the bessed angels;
Gone to be forever there;
Leaving us forevermore,
Scratched and bitten, sick and sore.
(Gene to join her grandmother.)

After the young woman who had been abroad had submitted this choice specimen of obitu-ary lore, the one who had stayed at home fit that she must come to the front in behalf of

"See! how like a broken Hig.

And then the two young women told each ether they ought to be ashamed to jest about such serious subjects and turned their attention to their ices.

SOME DRUGS, THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

Mrs. Dr. Williams Talks on This Tople

The rooms of the Professional Woman's

League were crowded last Tuesday afternoon.

Tanner, and dozens of other well-known wo-

men, all wearing an air of general good fellowship, and evidently quite at peace with

Miss Bateman, it will be remembered, gave

utterance the other day to a wall both loud

and long. She shed tears as she recounted

the tale of her resignation from the league, a

resignation which, she claimed, was forced

upon her by the Executive Committee. And

she got herself into the papers to the extent of

The members of he Executive Committee

awoke to find themselves as famous as Miss

Batemen had cleverly succeeded in making herself. But they merely said to the reporters:

true. She handed in her resignation. Under

the circumstances it was accepted. But it

was nut aside in a sealed envelope, so that if

she desired to recall it she could do so without

"Miss Bateman's story, as published, is not

sundry half columns retailing her story.

Victory Bateman.

lor half the misdeeds of our unhappy nervea. Tea is bad enough, but not so bad as coffee. Antipyrine is a dangerous drug. In our first opidemic of la grippe a few years ago antipyrine probably killed more people than both la grippe and pneumonia. I hardly need apeak of alcohol, morphine, and opium, but I will easy that the last two habits are twice as hard to break as the alcohol habit. I have known the morphine habit to be formed in one week, so that it was necessary to isolate the patient and keep strict watch of her for some time before the habit could be conquered.

"I suppose you will think I am getting out of the proper field of this paper if I take up the subject of tobacco, but I am afraid that this vice, which has crept in from france and Spain, is gaining ground here. An American woman who smokes is considered somewhat questionable by the majority of people. But it is not only for the sake of appearances that the habit should be avoided, but because it is injurious to health. The cigarette is responsible, but you would better smoke cigars and be done with it."

Mirs. Williams was loudly applauded at the close of her remarks, but the listeners could scarcely wait to begin to ask questions. Each one brought forward her own particular complaint, and wanted to know what caused it and what to do for it. In the course of the next hour Mrs. Williams diagnosed a greater variety of cases than ordinary physicians would have in a year. One had hay fever, another insomina, another had a friend who chewed thread until she had worn off all her teeth, another had spots dancing before her eyes, another taked in her sleep, and so'lt went.

Then the believers in codec began to tell, in injured tones, how beneficial it was for them; and another stated that tea was much in vogue among brain workers and wanted to know what was the matter with tea; and a soda water victim (Mrs. Williams had denounced the soda habits said that her favorite beverage had been recommended to her; and the free consultation went on until the Dec other jaunty fashion is that of having straps attached to the neck of the cape crossing over the bust and fastened at the back to hold the cape in place when the heated climber unfastens it at the neck. All mountain gowns should be of the warmest. Iightest material, and should have no long cloaks or wraps to burden the walker. A short skirt, generously full, a short, warm jacket or cape, and leggings of leather over broad, solid, heavy shoes.

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

Out of Albany's population of 100,000 over 15,000 are working women.

Among the notables at Lucerne this sum-mer is Mary Anderson-Navarro, with a devoted husband in attendance.

An eleven-year-old daughter of Emin Pasha is being carefully educated in Europe.

The Crown Princess of Sweden is trying to establish women photographers in Stockholm. Miss Amye Reade, a nicce of the novelist, Charles Reade, has followed in the footsteps of her uncle to the extent of writing two novels, "Ruby" and "Zerma."

The British Medical Association has at last admitted women as members. The principle was approved last year, and this year the by-law excluding women was formally expunged.

Queen Victoria proposes to erect a cairn in memory of the marriage of the Duke of York. It will be in Scotland, near the one she erected in remembrance of the wedding of the Prince of Wales.

There are 110 women lawyers in the United States, and eight of this number have earned the right to practice before the Supreme Court. To acquire this it is necessary to have practiced for three years at the bar, without a flaw in that career.

Or, if a shooting you would go, have a tweed of light texture in dark Lincoln green. The short tunic should have facings of scarlet on the revers and cuffs, and is belted round a close-fitting waistcoat of scarlet showing a small white linen shirt front. The plain short skirt just reaching to the ankle has carridge-case pockets, lined with red on each side. The leggings are of green tweed, and the deerstalker's hat is of green ielt with a scarlet feather. Lady Tryon has declined to accept the pension of £600 a year to which she is entitled. She had intended to place it at the disposal of the trustees of the Victoria fund, but as the sum collected for that purpose was ample, she has simply declined the pension.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria lately built, at an enormous cost, a magnificent marble villa at Corfu and christened it "L'Achillelon." Her majesty has made the following codicil to her will: "I wish to be interred at Corfu. near the river, so that the waves can continually break on my tomb."

It is to be feared that the Infanta has been spoiled by her taste of this land of the free, for she is reported as having a little lark in Lon-don. She has been living "incog" in a fur-nished house, riding in the park on a hired horse, and shopping on foot. Her two small boys, I'rinces Louis and Allonso, have been with her.

Another of Queen Victoria's oldest servants has just died. This time it is Mr. W. H. Gower. who was "yeoman of the silver pantry" at Windsor Castle. Yeoman Gower had been in the Queen's service for over half a century and was much esteemed by his mistress.

Women who want to marry should turn their yes toward Johannesburg, in South Africa. There are at least ten men to one woman There are at least ten men to one woman there. Every moderately attractive woman marries inside of a few months after landing. It is impossible to keep servants or feminine employees of any sort. Typewriters, nurses, cooks, maids, cardeners all melt quickly away before the warmth of south African wooing.

Adelina Patti is coming over for another farewell tour of America." She has arranged to sail Oct. 28, on the Lucania. She has undertaken to appear at forty concerts, for which, it is said, she is to receive the sum Her first appearance will be

that she must come to the front in behalf of her country.

"We have been up at a New Hampshire farmhouse, you know," she said. "Mamma had nervous prostration, so all the rest of us went up there where she could have quiet. We had it. There was a large florid-faced woman, h wever, in the village near by, who was the most aggressive human being I think I ever met. She weighed at least 300 pounds. She used to walk out our way occasionally, and was our sole excitement. Well, one day our ponderous neighbor had an apoplectic fit and died. You know in country villages the county paper has a notice of every death, and generally "X. Y. Z." or somebody else, writes a poem or submits a brief sketch of the life of the deceased. In this instance X. Y. Z. sent a sketch and ended it with these lines:

"See! how like a broken Hiy. The wife and little daughter of M. Paul Bonnetain, the French explorer, journeyed with him to Senegal and as far as the Nizer with him to benegal and as far as the Niger on his recent trip. The youthful travellers intend to spend the summer in Algeria, and both husband and wife will set to work on a book. Mme. Honnetain's account of her travels—"Une Paristenne au Sondan"—promises to be an interesting story of a decidedly unconventional and daring expedition.

At last an easy employment has been found for women which men ungaliantly argue is altegether feminine and natural as well as remunerative. The new vocation comes from China, where half a crown an hour is paid to elderly ladies who visit the houses of the affluent and detail choice bits of scandal. They have a special insignia of office and are herallod by the centing of a drum.

The Woman's Library at Chicago contains 7,000 volumes in sixteen languages and represents twenty-three countries. It is to be Mrs. Palmer was there, and so was Aunt Louisa Eldredge, and Miss Welby, and Cora placed in the permanent Woman's Memorial Building, which is to be erected in Chicago, and will form a nucleus for the collection of the literary work of women in the future, as well as, through its catalogue soon to be issued, a complete cibliography of women's writings up the world in general, not even excepting Miss to the present time.

Edison prefers to employ women to carry on the details of his electrical inventions, and credits them with more quickness and insight about the mysteries of machinery than men have. He is credited with saying that women "have more sense about machinery in one minute than men have in a whole lifetime," and proves the sincertry of his faith by keeping 200 women on his parroll.

The London Truth has two more cynicisms in which women as usual get the worst of it. Man is called a biped with "prejudices which he calls principles." and woman is defined as one with "more prejudice and less principle."

A memorial bearing over 103,000 signatures of Irish women of all classes has been sent to the Queen. The memorialists express their sorrow at the possibility of the severance of sorrow at the possibility of the severance of Ireland from the Government of Great Pritain by the establishment of a separate Parliament," and express the belief that the Home fulle bill if passed into law, would endanger the true liberties of the Irish people, and prove oppressive and unjust to her Majesty's loyal subjects in that country.

Mile, Jeanne Chauvin, the first French doc tress of law, has held since Jan. 1 last the post of professor of law in the girl's colleges of Paris. By a special order of M. Gréard, vicerector of the Academy of Paris, professors are prohibited from placing in the lands of their girl pupils copies of the code itself, so that the young neophytes whom Mile. Chauvin initiates into the civil and criminal code have only their teacher's oral lessons to go upon.

Thursdays and Fridays are students' days at the National Gallery in London, and ninetenths of the copylsts who avail themselves of the privileges are women. They are of all ranks from the professional copyist, who com-mands good prices for her work, to the fash-ionable amateur, who is intent not so much on money as distinction. A ticket, which goes by the name of the "chaperon's card," has been devised for the convenience of young ladies who wish the protection of a duenna.

At Newport Mrs. Ferdinand Yznaga is one of the most prominent "box seat belies" at the coaching parades. Mrs. William Jay is another woman who cuts a fine figure on the box seat, and Mrs. Burke-Roche is another. Mrs. Havemeyer, Mrs. Ridgway, Mrs. Fred-erisk Neilson, Mrs. E. D. Morgan, and Mrs. Fairman Begers are all favorite front seat we-



are much worn over light gowns. All fancy capes grow constantly shorter and as a rule the lower edge is untrimmed, the trimming being massed in the form of collarette or a pening massed in the form of collaratte or a yoke at the top. New cloth capes intended to replace the lighter ones for the early fall days are full and flowing, falling low about the hips in circular form, or in Breton style, lightly shirred to a yoke. Punchinello capes of pale golden-brown cloth with much fulness massed in thick French



gathers on a yoke have the raw edges of the cloth left raw and cut in sharp points around the neck and on the shoulders. Sometimes a platted Louis Quinze fringe is used about the neck instead of the fancy collars and sometimes the collars are used cut with square corners in the Henri Deux fashion. By tall, slight women the Spanish Eulalia cape is much worn as a



part of the outdoor fall dress, and is made of rich and beautiful material matching the waistcoat of the dress. Velvet collarettes are among the autumn novelties, and consist of a standing rulle of double blassed velvet joined by a letted gripp head. by a jetted gimp band to a circular cape col-lar that is plain or edged with curled ostrich feathers.



Travelling capes are cut in circular form, falling about the hips, formed of several full capes, lined, and trimmed on the edges with braid; and fur capes, which are already in the market, eddly enough being found in the first invoice of autumn wraps, are sumptuously full, with beautifully cut collars about the shoulders. These, too, are of good length, falling well over the waist and about the hips.

THE BEADLE NOTWITHSTANDING. By Pluck and Persistency the American Woman Gained Her Point,

An American woman who has made many

trips abroad and studied in different European capitals was relating her experiences. 'It was in Paris." she said. "that I made the

boldest experiment I ever attempted, and had the most signal success. I had been spending the summer in Switzerland, studying certain branches of philosophy in which I was interested, and had come up to Paris with a view to pressing my work still further. I had, even beyond the Altes, been regarding with a jenious eye the Sorbonne, and had tried to lay my plans to gain entrance to the famous lectures which were given in its old halls. There was to be one course in philosophy which dovetailed perfectly with my needs, and I made up my mind that if persistence or diplomacy, or both, could gain me admittance to those lectures, nothing short of an interposition of

Providence could keep me away. Of course, I knew that women were not "Of course, I knew that women were not admitted. I knew too, that French gallantry is a trait much electureserlied in its exercise. The only thing I had to help me in the carrying out of my plan was a letter from my professor in Switzerland addressed to a certain man of letters in Paris. I lost no time after my arrival in going to present this letter, but the man of learning was out of the city, would not return soon, and, in the mean time, the lectures were going on. I turned the matter over in my mind that night, and as the result of my meditations took my way to the Sorbennes the following day at the hour appointed for the lecture.

"By inquiry outside, I found the atudent's entrance and, as I was a trifle late made my way in without exciting any attention. The lecture room was amphilheatre-like, the benches they had no backs! rising in ters from the speaker's platform. I entered at the back of these tiers and looked about me. Not an aisle was there in the hall. The way the front seats were reacted was by stepping down from one tier of benches to another. I was out of range of good hearing, so there was nothing for me to do but pick my way over those benches to a seat near the front."

The narrator paused and drew a deep breath, she was so low voiced that her listeners had admitted. I knew. too, that French gallantry

NOW CHAUTAUQUANS LEARN

To Set a Table Most Inviting, and Eke the Art of Letter Writing.

Into the Chautauquan curriculum this season two new branches have been introduced. One the almost extinct art of latter writing.

Many is the mistress and multitudinous, alas! the maid, who doesn't know how to set a table, or how to wait on it when set. Of this variety is the mistress whose guests are always finding themselves short of a fork or a spoon; whose dantiest dishes go unappre-clated for the lack of the pinch of sait, or palates crave but tact will not ask for. Of this variety, too, is the maid whose mistress, not long ago, gave a Sunday evening dinner. The maid had been engaged only the day before,

maid had been engaged only the day before, but as she was recommended as "a first-class servant in every respect" the mistrees feit a good deal of confidence in her. The dinner moved on quite smoothly to the very end, and at last, with an inward sigh of relief that it was over, the hostess said to the new girl:

"Fill the linger howls, Sarah."

"What'il I fill 'um with, ma'am?" asked the competent maid.

Of course the poor hostess was unmercifully chaffed by her delighted guests.

The art of writing a jetter is even less understood than the art of setting a table. Between the boorish method of accepting an invitation by means of a postal card and the dainty, perfumed note couched in the most graceful terms there is a wide distance, and much of it is a howling wilderness. The mere technique, as it were, of letter writing is so little known, or else so grossly neglected. A certain young woman whom the writer knows failed to secure a desirable appointment as teacher in a Fifth avenue boarding school simply because she wrote her application with such disregard of the rules of correspondence.

The principal had teen much prepessessed in the young woman's favor and had suggested that she write a formal application. She did so. It ran like this at the beginning:

"My Dear Dr.— i

Am very anxlous, its.

"That's enough!" said the principal, folding the letter. "Any one who is too careless or too busy to supply the proper pronouns in such a communication is too careless or too busy to teach my pupils."

Miss Calloway, who has taught letter writing at Chautauqua this year, has not only attempted to teach the proper form, but has tried to instil some ideas as to matter into her pupils' heads. The correspondents of the pupils assert she has been successful.

FEMININITY VERSUS PHILOSOPHY. Elizabeth Cady Stanton Sharpshoots at Herbert Spencer.

Herbert Spencer said recently of a woman who had died early in life, after the production of some remarkable essays on "Induction" and "Deduction," that "mental powers so highly developed in a woman are abnormal. and involve a physiological cost that the feminine organization cannot bear without injury more or less profound." To which Mrs. Elizaboth Cady Stanton replies that Darwin was an invalid all his days, and that Mr. Spencer's own health is not all that could be desired or his physical being as rugged as it would have been if he had devoted his life to simple care and toil. Mrs. Stanton mentions among women writers that have lived healthy lives and died at a good deal of hard work. Caroline Herschet, Maria Mitchell, George Eliot, George Sand, Harriet Martineau, and Frances Power Cobbe; and she concluded George Eliot, George Sand, Harriet Martineau, and Frances Power Cobbe; and she concludes her argument with: "I doubt whether as many women die annually from writing essays on 'Induction' and 'Deduction' as from overproduction of a family, and yet no flags of danger are raised on the housetops where mothers of a dozen children languish and die, or on workshops where multitudes of women labor from fourteen to sixteen hours a day."

HUMANE BRITISH GIRLHOOD. The Incident that Delighted the Hospitable

Hearts of the Two Miss Budds, A stag hunt was in progress the other day at Exmoor in England, and the terrified animal finally became very hard pressed. He tore over hill, dale, and common, and finally, in a very headlong fashion, took refuge in the dining room of one Dr. Budd. Two young femiing room of one Dr. Budd. Two Young feminine Budds were being served with dinner at
the moment the star plunged in. Their unexpected visitor backed up against the sideboard
and faced the pack of hounds, who had
promptly followed him in. The hunters came
up in a moment, called off their dogs, secured
the deer by a rope, and dragged him out to receive his coup de grace outside. The Misses
Budd, instead of fainting or having hysteries,
professed themselves delighted with the adventure and insisted on the hunters staying to
dinner, which they did.

Ladies of the Chrysanthemura.

Mrs. Louis Fagan of London, who has spent much time in Japan with her husband, Louis Fagan of the British Museum, disagrees with the poetical Arnold as to the beauty of Japaning to her idea, but she says that had Providence made them facially beautiful, and well made in proportion with their other charms. Western women would in time become extinct, for all men would go to Japan for their wives and sweethearts. Japanese women cannot be vain, for they never wear jewelry. In thina every woman wears carrings, but no Japanese woman ever had her ears pierced. Japanese woman ever had her ears pierced, Japanese woman ever had her arms and shoulders uncovered. The Japanese lady of rank thinks nothing of tucking her kimona up to her knees in rainy weather, and her petiticat as well, though her stockings reach scarcely, above her ankle. And the Japanese working woman will slip off the kimona and other garments to her waist when she is heated or hindered by her clothing at her toil, but exposure for the sake of exposure, from motives of vanity, is unknown among the women of the Mikado's kingdom. made in proportion with their other charms.

To a woman belongs the honor of this year carrying off the prize of 100 guineas which Mrs. Hannah Acton left for "the test work illustrative of the wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty in any department of science." Miss Clerke, the prize winner, lives in London. but is Irish by birth. Her love of astronomy is life long and she can remember being a good deal teazed about her habit, as a child, of slipping out into the garden at night to look at the stars. She has written a number of successful tooks on the science, but has had only two months' observatory work. During that time she worked almost all of every night.

How Literary Women Should Bress,

Lady Wilde (Oscar's mother) has been writing a book of "Social Studies," and, among other things, she gives the following description of what she considers a model dress for literary women: "The literar; dress should in fact, befree, untrammelied, and unawathed, as simple and as easily adjusted as tireck drapery, and fastened only with a girdle or a prooch. No stiff corselet should depress the full impulses of a passionate heart. There should be no false colls upon the head to weigh upon the brain no fuzzy furse bush on the brow to heat the temples and mar the sool legis

IF you wish the lightest, sweetl est, finest cake, biscuit, bread and rolls, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their making.

of some grand, deep thought. And the fewer frills, cutts, and cascades of lace the better, for link spots do not improve Venetian point, and in moments of divine fury or feverish excitement the authoress is often prone to overturn her ink bottle."

learned to put their refuse close to their rallings within roach from the sidewalk, and the men work at first with astonishment and them with delight.

Where Charlotte Yonge Writes Books,

Miss Charlotte Yonge lives at Otterbourne in a modest manaion resembling an overgrown cottage. It is surrounded by a high hedge, for Miss Yonge dislikes curious people. A room on the second floor overlooking the garden is fitted up as a combined drawing room and library, and here the famous author does and library, and here the famous author does her writing. She is somewhat stout and has a striking face, with fine dark eves and white hair. She celebrated her seventieth birthday recently, when a testimonial with 5,000 auto-graphs from distinguished readers of her books was presented to her.

Woman in Ceramie Art.

Women lead the progress of ceramic art in America. The Rockwood ware of Mrs. Storey of Cincinnati and the gold china of Miss Healy of Washington are the most dictinctive novelties in our nottery exhibit at Chiengo. It is said that Miss Healy's process is the cause of much argument and envy by European porcelain makers.

Women's Smoking Cars in Russia.

An interesting bit of news picked up recently n a Russian journal, and given in the form of simple matter-of-fact statement, sets forth hat special smoking carriages for the use of ladies have been set apart on Russian railways. Fancy the horror such an announceways. Fancy the horror such an announcement would create in this country, the indignant letters and protests that would be received, the agitation in woman's clubs, the arguments in woman's journals. Still it is simply a matter of custom. It is interesting to read, too, that Miss Emily Faithfull, who is on the literary pension list of England and is held in high regard by the Queen, is an inveterate eigar smoker. It is only fair to say that she pursues the habit under her physician's directions and as a cure for asthma.

CYCLING IN LUROPEAN ROADWAYS. Mrs Pennell Extols that Mode of Continental Travelling.

If there is one woman in the world who should be an oracle to other women on the subject of eveling that woman is Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Pennell. In company with her artist husband, Mr. Joseph Pennell, she has cycled Europe from one end to the other. She has ridden tandems, tricycles, safeties, and every variety of wheel a woman could mount, and she knows her rubber-shod steed as a jockey knows his horse. Therefore what she has to say about the sport ought to be of interest to other women. What she does say is this:

"I have toured far and often, and I know I do not exaggerate when I say that the traveljourneying on the open road. He may see the larger towns, but he misses the little villages

journeying on the open road. He may see the larger towns, but he misses the little villages by the way, the old farmhouses, and older casties. He does not meet the people in free, if friendly fashion.

"My first long journey was from Florence to Rome. My fustband and I rode a tandem tricycle, a machine which had never been seen in Italy. It made friends, though, almost too many, sometimes. And France! Never was there a more misunderstood country, simply because people do not cycle through it. And so in every country where I have been, whether in England on our tandem, or in Austria and Hungarron my safety, it is to my wheel that I owe my most interesting experiences, my most delightful memories.

"People often ask me if my journeys do not tire me. Of course they do at times: it would be absurd to pretend that they do not. A head wind or a bad road, rain or mud, will turn all one's pleasure into toil. But the wonderful thing about cycling is that an hour's good time will make up for a day's discomforts. I have pushed my wheel up a long biff feeling that nothing would persuade me ever to ride again, and yet, with the first coast down the other side of the mountain, the first spin along the level, have forgotten all about the hard work.

"One great secret in touring is to carry as ittle luggace as possible. If you are going a long journey, it is well to send a small trunk from one large town to another a week's cycling away. Take with you, inf a bag strapped upon your machine, a complete change of underclothing and an extra clouse or bodice. I also recommend a light woollen nightgown to guard against damp sheets. A jacket and a short waterproof cape are necessities."

12'S FULL OF PREITY GIRLS.

stick out at right angles to the windows. The low stoops, each with a bench on either side. attract some attention. But at night the secret of the place is exposed. The most ravishing maidens crowd those stoops in bevies so close to the payements that passersby could touch them if they dared. Healthy, well

close to the pavements that passersby could touch them if they dared. Healthy, well developed girls are they, all curves and graceful lines, splendidly ample about and above their waists, which are those of the old Greek statues. They are mountain girls, and bill climbling makes them what they are. Their hard, round necks, their plump faces, and the strongly made arms that shine beneath the gossamer sleeves they wear, are all eloquent of their splendid health.

These Huntingdon maidens are mainly brunettes, after the lashion of the old German stock of the early settlers, with coal black hair, olive skins, great brown eyes, and heavy dark eyobrows. Yel, here and there among them, are a few of pure English stock, with skin like ivery or cream, pink lipped, and with wide, dreamy blue eyes. There are just enough such blondes to lead piquancy to the crowd. All the girls of every shade are dressed in white from May until October. Here and there one sees a bow of blue ribosen on a brunette's head, and now and then a pink waist ribbon, or a red one, trailing far behind in two long "follow-me-boys," as they used to call them in the country, or "beau catchers," as they say pow. But the drosses are all white, simple, pure white, with winglike sleeves and ample skirts, of inwn or mull or organdy or silk.

Sitting thus in groups, or walking in couples through the quant old streets all freshly tolletted, all barchedded, and all semphically white, and filling the air with lively speech and laughter, they distinguish the quiet place and earn for it the queer nickname of the drummer's heaven."

But not all drummer's resorts are so moral as Huntingdom. It is stone dead on Sundays and looks doserted, except as church is called or closes. Notices posted in the fields of the outlying farms indicate the character of the town, for these fortide card playing, shooting, and plenicking on the premises. So good and virtuous is the town that the ragamuffins and leafers, who mus gamble to be happy, could find no shelter in any house, and s

Poetry in a Prosate Business,

It strains the imagination to fancy anything artistic or interesting about a swillman, and yet Brooklyn has two such characters who attract a great deal of attention and considerable admiration. They are both negroes, and they have reduced their work to a science. Their wagon is a great long box on wheels, and its narrow opening on top runs the whole length of the tex. The darky who drives sind sastride the opening and lets the horses go aheat at their own gail. The waren never sters or slows up, and yet it misses no pail or

"Pashunce is a virtee, Git har of you kin, Seiblum in a woman Nor into a man, nuther."

Thar wuz a niggur, an' he wuz a teribul fel-

-Rehalfeland from a Atte

ler for fishin'. He didn't tel no one wot he knoed, but he sot al day a-anglin' into a hoal what he lowed for a scriinty that wuz a two-pound trowt, along with sum sukkers, for he seen him. An' he tride every kind o' bate and takkle; them make-beleave flys an' angil dogs an' nite walkers an' white grubbs. He tride putin' fetty on 'em, wich smels most as bad as wet dog celler, an' devvies darnin' needles an' grashopers an' live bate an' hellgammights an' crikits an' apring lizzurds an' rode todes an' katedids an' everything he could ketch that kin crawl, crepe, or fli wot fishes bites onto. He mist his mele o' vittles at nune fer fere anuther feller mite git hitched to the trowt widlet he waz a lunchin' an' git him or scare him bad so he wouldn't bite no more. Then he cum back after super, for his stum-mick finerly had cride cubberd, with a live mouce an' joon-buggs un' white milers an' he stoped al nite, to. He lose D snel bate-hooks and 4 fil-hooks an' al his time an' a whitewash jobb into the bargin, an' he got bit awful by the skeeters, but he didn't git ole Mister Trowt. See the niggur gin on't up an' went hund to do mornin' chaws. 'Twarn't iong after sun-up afor Square Hoskinses bired help, little Cy Mode, he come along minnerin' or ennything he cood ketch. He ain's no fisher nor no pashunce, an' he didn't stop long to no one hoal; not becore he wuz short 'time, for havin' wuz dun, an' it had began to drizel, but becorze he didn't want ter or else didn't kno' no better. But, b' Gosh, the fust flip he gin that ele clozeline o' hisn inter that

didn't kno' no better. But, b' Gosh, the fust didn't kno' no better. But, b' Gosh, the fust filp he gin that ele clozeline o' hisn inter that niggar's trout heal, I'me darned el he didn't die out that ere big trout onter the bank, an he cally had the snip end of a pece o' wurm on fer bate—cordin' to his tell, an' he warn't fisher enuil' to his cood—an he wade 2 pounds 3 connecs plump, dressed, on Bill Hea Gandle's chay scails, an' they way lite an' I kno' it, 'cause Bill Hen he buyshis winter hay bi them scails. All o' wich goes tot show there ain't nothin' into pashunce agin luk when yer go lishin'. Methe, tho, the big trout he got the noshin he nigger wuz lil and Cy shaller, an they wuz, only that's a hepe in luk, I swan.

It's so, to, with pashunce when my ole man gits a holt on the morain' paper frum York an' Dekon Giles N. Wethorby an' Zak Hanford Watson they git ter waitin' agin eche other ter see whool git it next. Zak he can't set still long ter wunst; he's get ter git out an' see ef he can't drink all the rum thar is in Syosset senter, an' ive saw him drink enuil to fiche him fram here ter East Haddam an' back and not tuch botum none o' the way. He wont mor'n git back afor he's got ter git out agin fer moro an' then agin ter borry a fresh chaw o' plug off o' the shumaker next door, an' then git up an' spit out of the door every lew spels, 'cause lake Dewey wunt let him spit on to the flore of his new grosery store an' set thar at al. Not of he nose it, boy! An' Jake he ketches on every lime an' doant yer forgit it. Zak Hanferd he aint got no pashunce to him; but I seed this ere waitia' match a goin' on t'other day, an' Giles N. he never moved wunst, but lay thar just like a pikkerel under a lilly pad. After watchin' a hour and forty-nine minits by Ezra Holister's new waterbury, wo the got fer nothin' a hour and forty-nine minits by Ezra Holister's new hull season on swopin' of a hury, and prety good set to single hurness fer Giles N. so od, Faraday mare, with the heres and a left watch and a late paper The Peculiar Fame of Huntingdon and Its

Host of Mountain Belies.

Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, is renowned among commercial travellers as a pleasant resting place and among other travellers on the Pennsylvania Bailroad as "the drummer's heaven." From the cars one sees nothing celestial about it, nothing at all but a few spires reaching above dense foliage at a spot where the Juniata curves between the mountains. It is an old-fashloned little Dutch town of narrow streets, of houses set flush upon the sidewalks, and of little shops whose signboards all stick out at right angles to the windows. The

KEEPING IT HOLY.

A Maine Deacon Who Respected the Sale

A Maine Deacon Who Respected the Sabbath and Also a Good Bargain.

From the Leaturn Journal.

A Portland man went up in the country to huy a horse recently. It was on Sunday, by the way, the only day that the bury differenced the way, the only day that the bury differenced the way, the only day that the bury differenced the way going, but a had his eye out for anything on four legs the looked promising. Finally, as he drove along a pretty country highway, he espled three horses in a small stable yard. He drove up, hitched his steed and leaned upon the fence, looking the stock over. One young mare attracted his attention especially, and he was admiring her when the house door owned and an old man of very trim countenance came out. There were the usual preliminaries about the weather, and then the farmer asked:

"Looking for anything particular?"

"Well, I want to buy a horse, and I must contess I like the looks of that mare there very much. What is your price?"

"Tur, tut, I never do business on the Lord's day, why, sir, I'm a deacon in the church, and whatever else I may do, I will not profane the Lord's day buying and selling. Why, sir, seems as though all you city folks wanted to come out here and dicker on Sunday."

The Fortland man commenced to feel ashaned before the grave, gray eyes of this old man. The farmer continued:

"Isn't there one day that you can rest from your everlasting trading? Now, last Sunday a bran came along here, said he was from Fortland and he offered \$2500 for that mare. Dear me, ridiculous! Why, she's worth—I mean scandalous to talk trade on the Saibath. Two hundred collars never can huy her. Why, she can show a two—tut, tut, I mean I shall show any one the door who comes round here falled you that. We had a little brush on the road day before yesterday, and I cleaned em out, and—I consider that the least that a man can do is to keep from trading borses on Sunday. If a man should offer me \$25.0 to day sunday! I wouldn't occar the more pround here filled, and offered sevential his tha

stands a stride the opening and lots the horses grained at their own gait. The waron lever stors or slows up, and yet it misses to pail or box along its route.

This is because the heiper on the sidewalk runs along, picking up the pails as he goes. With one motion he catches up the receptable and throws it at the driver on the waron. His skill consists in throwing the box or pails that it will turn upside down exactly as it reaches a point above the opening in the wagon. At that instant the driver catches it reaches a point above the opening in the wagon. At that instant the driver catches it reaches a point above the opening in the wagon. At that instant the driver catches it reaches a point above the opening in the wagon. At that instant the driver catches it reaches a point above the opening in the wagon. At that instant the driver catches it reaches a point above the opening in the wagon. At that instant the driver catches it reaches a point of the proposition of the proposition of a pair of swillman work have all